

Daily Eagle

A RIVAL JOURNAL.

Everybody in Hopeville said that Henry Pettit was just the man to be editor of a free, progressive newspaper, and the everybody holding this opinion included very decidedly Mr. Henry Pettit himself. Mr. Pettit was editor and proprietor of The Hopeville Millenium. Why he had chosen this name for his paper no one knew exactly. It was supposed, from the incidental remarks of the editor, that it was prophetic, in a modest way, of the state of things to which he would ultimately bring Hopeville and such of its population as were subscribers for the paper and paid for it promptly. Mr. Pettit was small in stature, six feet feature and loud of voice. Journalistically, he was in a perpetual rage, a rage varying in its intensity from the spitefully sarcastic to the bloodthirstily ferocious. There seemed to be a fantastic connection between his degrees of aggressiveness and the style of type used in his journal. Thus, when treating of a sub, or comparatively unimportant, he contented himself with the light musketry of solid nonpareil, the smallest type in his office. A matter for the most forcible denunciation required minuscule, to give it proper weight; from this he sometimes passed to bitter invective and the larger type of long primer, and he had been known, after vainly trying to relieve his outraged feelings through the medium of double leaded type, with exclamation points and distorted italics, to set all typographical precedent at defiance, and bombard his readers with rhetorical and maledictory cannon-balls, manufactured from the largest of type and blacked advertising letters in his possession. He believed thoroughly in aggressive journalism, and he always had a fight on his hands. He disproved the old adage that "it took two to make a quarrel," by maintaining a perpetual dispute with the world at large, without even requiring his adversary to say a word or add a single spark to the fire of rage that kept the quarrel at boiling point. The Millenium was a power in Hopeville, and Henry Pettit enjoyed the proud consciousness that he had shouldered himself and his paper into the front rank by sheer force of energy and a display of that fighting temperament which never fails, sooner or later, to win the respect of a community. As the result, he was reaping both for himself and his paper a good income from The Millenium. He could perhaps have got along more peacefully and quietly than he did had he chosen, but attrition with the world seemed to be essential to his enjoyment of life, and he was always denouncing real or imaginary evils, and lamenting that there were not more of them against which he could couch his lance in deadly assault. Mr. Pettit was entirely satisfied with himself, and never took the trouble to inquire into his neighbor's business. It was said of him that he had spatulated out his town might be carried off by an epidemic, and unless the death notices were sent to The Millenium for publication at regular rates, he would never know that there had been a funeral. He rather prided himself on this self-centeredness, and declared that he despised curiosity save when its indulgence was necessary for the successful prosecution of his business. In that case, he added, it ceased to be curiosity in the true and offensive sense of the word.

One day an event took place in Hopeville, which, for the moment, paralyzed the editor of The Millenium with astonishment. Then he recovered his breath and retired to his little office to try and realize the situation.

A man had actually come to Hopeville to start another paper. Mr. Pettit, at first, could hardly believe that such temerity could pass unpunished by the supernatural powers that watch over the interests of newspapers. To think of a man—a stranger! an interloper—a fellow from, no one knew where—a—a—a—it was of no use. Mr. Pettit's breath had gone again and he could only lean back in his chair and gasp his amazement at the new man's unparalleled presumption.

Meanwhile the new man went on quietly with his preparations. He looked over the ground, satisfied himself that Hopeville needed his paper, brought type and press and other material to the house he had rented, canvassed the town for subscribers and advertisers with the necessary fervor, and published the first number of The Hopeville Independent, taking no more notice of Henry Pettit and The Millenium than if neither had existed.

Contrary to Mr. Pettit's confident predictions, the new paper was ably edited, newsy and bright, and was received by the town with as much favor as The Millenium itself. Mr. Pettit came across The Independent in the homes of his friends, in stores, offices and places of public resort, and he scowled darkly. He would show this rival editor that Hopeville needed only one paper—The Millenium—and that an attempt to establish another would be at the expense of a continued and bitter strife. So he went to his office and wrote the following, which appeared in the next issue of The Millenium:

"We have been asked whether the rumor that there is another weekly paper in Hopeville is based on fact. We can not give a positive answer, though we have noticed a sickly-looking sheet passed on a bulletin board outside a house on — street. As this particular sheet is the only one we ever saw, we presume it represents the whole circulation of what our correspondent has perhaps better called a weekly paper. It is doubtful whether another issue will appear, as we understand the alleged editor has already become disgusted with the want of success that has attended his efforts to force his dreary rubbish down the throats of the intelligent citizens of Hopeville."

The Millenium was published every Thursday and The Independent on Saturday. Mr. Pettit watched every copy for the next issue of his rival, and as soon as he had secured a copy, looked all over the paper for a reply to his paragraph. Not a word. The Independent came out brighter and newer than ever, with well-considered, conservative editorial comments on the leading topics of the day, particularly those of local interest, but without the slightest indication that it had ever heard either of The Millenium or its editor.

The next week Mr. Pettit tried it again. He published a paragraph in which he hinted mysteriously at a paper having appeared in Hopeville with the secret object of poisoning the minds of the people against all the most cherished institutions of the town. He even went so far as to imply that the editor had received for his paper, from those who had known him formerly as the resident of a large city some 500 miles away, finishing his remarks with the prophecy that in less than a month The Millenium would again be the only paper in Hopeville, as it was to all intents and purposes at the present writing.

But The Independent continued to ignore Mr. Pettit, and grew in circulation and prosperity from week to week. A tall, thin, pale man was the editor of The Independent—a man who stooped as he walked, and whose speech was frequently interrupted by a peculiar spasmodic noise in his throat, like a strangled cough. He was not a talkative man, possibly because of the strangled cough. He was seen but little on the streets, and always, when he was out, appeared to have business in some direction which engaged all his attention until he withdrew to the office of The Independent to buy himself either in writing matter or putting it into type.

The Independent man, Stillman, is a mysterious sort of fellow, was the opinion of the principal grocer of Hopeville; "but he gets out a mighty good paper and will

make it worth for the millennium yet. Henry Pettit continued to write caustic paragraphs for the benefit of The Independent, and every week ran up and down from nonpareil to four-line great primer gothic in his badgering of Stillman's paper, but without making any apparent impression on that asthetic journal.

It was after he had written a particularly abusive and spiteful article that Henry Pettit waited for the appearance of The Independent on Saturday. Surely he could sting the editor into saying something. Saturday came, but—no Independent. Ha! the interloper had found that he could not live in a town where The Millenium prohibited his existence.

"I thought I should drive him out," chuckled Mr. Pettit. "Wonder where the editor is?" he thought. "Guess he is ashamed to show himself now that his miserable paper has suspended."

But it had not suspended. On Tuesday it was published, with an apology for its tardy appearance.

Mr. Pettit was red-hot, and the withering sarcasm contained in next week's Millenium again tested the acrimonious qualities of every style of type in his office.

The Independent was published on time on the following Saturday, but was only half its usual size. It again contained an apology, but no explanation.

"It diss hard," said Henry Pettit, as he finished an exulting editorial to the following effect:

"The wretched conglomerate of bad grammar and typographical errors, called a newspaper, published in an obscure part of Hopeville, has about run its course. It comes out at irregular intervals and appears generally on a half-sheet. It is a swindle on the few layers of the ridiculous mass of rubbish to give only half what is paid for. When given full size the paper can be used for wrapping small parcels; half of it is of no value whatever. In justice to the above-mentioned few, it should suspend publication at once."

In spite of this The Independent was issued every week for six weeks longer. Sometimes it was a few days late; sometimes it appeared half size, and again largely made up of old advertisements and stereotyped platitudes long out of date. It was evidently struggling hard for existence.

At last it did stop.

Henry Pettit waited until Thursday, and then joyfully announced to his readers that The Hopeville Independent had not come out and would probably not appear again.

"I should like to see this fellow," thought Henry Pettit. "They tell me that he is a scarecrow sort of individual. I wonder how he feels now that I have driven him out of the field. Thought he could treat me with contempt, did he? Guess he finds it a mistake now. I'll go and see him. Perhaps I might strike a bargain in buying up his material. I need some new type, anyhow, and I should judge he has a pretty fair outfit."

Boldly went Henry Pettit to the house where The Independent had been published, and where the editor and his wife lived. The front door was locked, but Mr. Pettit was accustomed to forcing his way through the world, and he hammered the door in a loud, imperative way that soon caused foot-steps to approach from the inside.

"Is the editor in?" asked Mr. Pettit in his loud, brassy way, as he was confronted by a little, pale woman who seemed to have in her careworn face the saddest manner of the personal characteristics of Mr. Stillman, except the strangled cough.

"No-o! He is not in at present," was the reply, in such a low voice that Mr. Pettit involuntarily thrust forward his countenance into her face to catch her words.

"Well, my name is Pettit. I am editor and proprietor of The Hopeville Millenium."

"Yes, sir."

"And I thought perhaps I could be of service to—the editor here."

"Thank you, sir, but you could not do anything over."

The voice was getting lower, and the tears trembling on the eyelashes could not be hidden. Henry Pettit began to feel uncomfortable, and there was very little brass in his tones as he repeated her last word:

"Now! Ah, yes; you think I was unnecessarily harsh in my paper; but that was merely a matter of business. I do not feel any ill-will toward Mr. Stillman."

"Thank you," she replied, simply, and if he had not seen the tears pouring fast down her cheeks he might have thought he spoke ironically.

"Where is he? I should like to tell him so," continued Henry Pettit.

"At the hotel, he is—"

"How hard you tried not to sob, and how the tears would choke her voice!"

"What! He is ill. I can see it in your face."

He spoke sharply because he was surprised, but there was not a suspicion of his usual irritability in his tone. "How long has he been ill?"

"A long, long time; but he has only been confined to his bed for the last two months."

"Two months! And how has he managed to edit and print his paper?"

The pale, little woman did not answer, but Henry Pettit turned his back to her as he gave her eyes two vicious slaps, and muttered: "And I have been fighting a woman for two months!"

"I know it has been a very—very poor paper since he became too sick to do it himself, but he was anxious for it to keep on, and—and I did the best I could," she faltered.

"The best-edited paper that was ever published in Hopeville," blurted Henry Pettit, fervently. "I'm going to tell your husband so. Where is he? In that back room?"

Before she could prevent him, Henry Pettit dashed at a curtain hung across one end of the office, threw it to one side, and—reversing his overhauled his hand.

There was only a bed, on which rested a tall, thin form with a pale face, though not much paler than it had been two months ago, but the strangled cough was silenced forever, the editor of The Independent was dead—George C. Jenks in History Building.

The First Railroad in Maine.

It is related that when the first Maine railroad was started, about forty years ago, W. C. Pitman, of Bangor, was a conductor. One rainy morning he started from Waterville, and on arriving at North Belgrade, a flag station, not seeing any flag, ran by the station. Just as the train had passed the red flag was run out for some passengers to get on. Mr. Pitman stopped his train and asked Stephen Richardson, the station agent, why he did not display the flag before. Mr. Richardson replied: "He you a-goin' to run your train in rainy weather? I didn't think you would."—Chicago Herald.

The Famous Musician's Name.

Fernex List is the famous musician's name, and "Fernex" is said to be a rendering of his Christian name not only incorrect but, in fact, a Hungarian name.

The Pronunciation of "Nebraska."

Some writer or other in our fruit and lower peninsula declares it had taste to pronounce Nebraska, yet it is only this morning that I heard a gentleman born and bred at Thorold pronounce it. The Indian name, as transmitted by the French, is Neogara, with accent on the last syllable. The accent was once on the third, as in the well-known line:

And Niagara stuns with thundering sound, our modern rendering, with the long i and accent on the second syllable, must of course stand as authority.—Montreal Gazette.

During the past ten years over 10,000,000 shad, artificially hatched, have been placed in the rivers of Georgia.

Wearing blue overalls is one of the regulations adopted by the students of the Lync academy.

THE REVOLUTION

Clothing House!

102 DOUGLAS AVE.

(IN CITIZENS BANK BUILDING.)

SACRIFICE SALE

—OF—

Clothing, Hats, Gents

Furnishing Goods

NOW GOING ON.

B. K. BROWN,

Furniture & Jewelry.

DOUGLAS AVENUE, WICHITA, KANS.

E. C. & L. R. COLE,

Real Estate Dealers,

329 Douglas Ave., E. Wichita.

OPPOSITE MANHATTAN HOTEL.

Also the office of the

Carey Park Land Company.

Now is the time to buy lots in Carey Park before they are advanced.

E. C. & L. R. COLE,

329 Douglas Avenue, Wichita.

MRS. MARY KLENTZ,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

MILLINERY,

HUMAN HAIR,

ADIES' FURNISHING GOODS,

FULL STOCK ON HAND.

OLIVER BROS.,

Lumber Dealers

Wichita, Kansas.

YARDS AT—

Wichita, Mayfield, Wellington, Harper, Atchita, Garden Plain, Arkansas City, Andale and Haven.

DR. WM. HALL,

OVER WOODMAN'S BANK, 161 N. MAIN ST.

Continues to successfully treat all diseases of women. He does not do general practice, as he gives his entire time to his specialties. In the two years he has been in Wichita he has cured hundreds of ladies in this city and adjoining towns, any of whom will speak in the highest terms of his successful cure and gentle treatment while under his care. If any person afflicted with any of the following diseases will consult him first, time will be gained, money saved and disappointment averted.

INFLAMMATION, ULCERATION, MISPLACEMENT, or Protrusion of the Womb, and all UTERINE TROUBLES.

CAUSING too frequent, painful and irregular menstruation.

LEUCORRHEA, etc.

He also successfully treats all kidney and bladder trouble of male and female, such as, PARALYSIS, NEURALGIA, Foreign Bodies in the Bladder and Urethra, causing too frequent and painful urinating, and all forms of PRIVATE.

CHRONIC, and SEXUAL DISEASES, such as Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and all the unpleasant results of such troubles.

SYPHILIS positively cured and entirely eradicated from the system.

GONORRHEA cured in from three to eight days or no pay.

ULCER and STRICTURE cured in patients of years standing.

PILES and other diseases of the genito-urinary or skin quickly cured. He guarantees all curable cases. If he cannot cure you he will plainly tell you so.

CONSULTATION FREE.

Remember that he is at his old office at 161 N. Main street, over Woodman's Bank, or address him by mail.

JOHN DAVIDSON,

—THE—

Pioneer Lumber Man

OF SEDGWICK COUNTY.

Established in 1870.

A Complete Stock of Pine Lumber.

Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc.,

always on hand.

Office and yards on Market street between Douglas Avenue and First street.

EAGLE CORNICE WORKS.

Just north of the Occidental.

Manufacturers of Galvanized Iron Cornices, Tin, Lead and Slate Roofs by experienced workmen, repairing, gutters and spouting done with neatness and dispatch.

Estimates and orders furnished on short notice.

W. H. STERNBERG,

Contractor and Builder

Office and Shop 349 Main St.

FIRST CLASS WORK AT LOWEST PRICES. Estimates furnished on short notice. WICHITA, KAN.

New Stock of

Fall -:- Clothing

Arriving Daily.

MANHATTAN CLOTHING CO.

Leaders of Styles and Low Prices

—Strictly One Price.—

HERMAN & HESS, Proprietors,

326 Douglas Avenue.

M. A. MCKENZIE & CO.,

Manufacturers of—

Fine Carriages,

BUGGIES

—AND—

SPRING -:- WAGONS.

Repairing, Repainting and Trimming Promptly Attended To.

Wichita, Kansas.

City Trade Solicited and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

C. A. STAFFORD,

STAFFORD & CLEGG,

Real Estate and Loan Agents

Office south side Douglas Ave., 2d stairway w of Lawrence.

H. W. KENDLE,

—FUNERAL— DIRECTOR,

—And Dealer in—

Wood, Cloth and Metallic Burial Cases

CASKETS, ROBES, GLOVES, CRAPE, ETC.

Have two fine hearse. A private telephone direct to Wichita Cemetery. Office always open on Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas. Prompt attention to orders by Telegraph.

F. W. SWAB,

(SUCCESSOR TO F. STACKMAN)

Merchant Tailor.

Keeps on hand Fine Goods of the latest styles. The largest stock in the city. Satisfaction guaranteed. No trouble to show goods. Call and see me.

F. W. SWAB, 1st door N of County Building.

BUY LOTS IN

Butler -:- & -:- Fisher's -:- Second -:- Addition.

These Lots are close to the City Limits, and are lying between Central Ave. and Second Street, east of town. These lots are for sale on cheap and easy terms. No college, Union depot or machine shops are to be built on them. For terms apply at

BUTLER & FISHERS HARDWARE STORE

110 DOUGLAS AVE.

THE COLLEGE OF EMPORIA,

—EMPORIA, KANSAS.—

UNDER THE CARE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

— OPEN TO BOTH SEXES —

THREE COURSES OF STUDY—

THE CLASSICAL

THE PHILOSOPHICAL

AND THE LITERARY.

Experienced and Competent Teachers. Thoroughness in Work. Curriculum as high as the best Eastern Colleges.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES IN ART, MUSIC and the MODERN LANGUAGES.

—EXPENSES VERY REASONABLE—

The next session opens on Wednesday, September 8th, 1886.

Full particulars and catalogue may be obtained by addressing the president.

Rev. John F. Hendy, D. D.,

601 1/2

EMPORIA, KANSAS.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

DEPOT AND OFFICE 124 WEST DOUGLAS AVE.

ICE Always on Hand at Depot.

Orders for Shipment and City Delivery Promptly Attended to.

Telephone No. 128. SOHN & WILKIN.

S. D. PALLETT,

—DEALER IN—

Northern AND Southern Pine Lumber,

LATH, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.

OFFICE AND WHITE PINE YARD West End of Douglas Avenue. YELLOW PINE YARD Across the Street. WICHITA, KAN.

Wichita City Roller Mills and Elevator.

ESTABLISHED 1874. INCORPORATED 1884.

—Manufacture the Following Celebrated Brands—

IMPERIAL, Roller Patent; WHITE ROSE, Extra Fancy; A. L. C. R. Fancy.

These brands have been on the market east, west, north and south for ten years, and they have won an enviable reputation wherever introduced. To try them is to stay with them. We are always in the market for wheat at highest cash price.

OLIVER, IMBODEN & CO.

BUNNELL AND MOREHOUSE,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

A. T. & S. F. R. R. LANDS.

Bargains in city and county property. Our insurance companies are as follows: Aetna, Liverpool, London, Globe, German-American, Insurance Company of North America, Hartford, Phoenix, of Hartford, Home, of New York; New York Underwriters.

L. N. WOODCOCK, Ex-County Treasurer. R. S. GARRISON, E. A. DORSEY, Ex-County Clerk.

WOODCOCK, DORSEY & CO.,

REAL ESTATE, ABSTRACTS & LOANS

Office, Dorsey Building, Opposite Court House.

WICHITA, KAN.

H. L. TAYLOR, DWIGHT BEACH, LEE TAYLOR,

TAYLOR, BEACH & CO.

Real Estate Agents and Insurance Writers.

The Best Companies are represented by us. If you want an Insurance Policy written, or have Real estate for sale, or wish to Purchase, call on us.

MONEY LOANED ON FARMS OR CITY PROPERTY.

OFFICE OVER LEWIS' SHOE STORE.

110 MAIN STREET, WICHITA, KAN.

GANDOLFO CAFE.

Finest Restaurant in Kansas.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF TROPICAL FRUITS AND RARE CONFECTIONS.

(COR. F) and MAIN Streets, GANDOLFO & ROSSI, Proprietors.

(Business House, New Kansas, Kan.)

200 N. E. -:- Orders for ICE CREAM in any flavor packed in 100 lbs. or 50 lbs. promptly filled.

W. N. DEAN, A. H. MAXWELL, Notary Public.

DEAN AND MAXWELL,

Real Estate Dealers.

We have property in every desirable locality in the city, also a large list of Farm Property. By calling, your office you can get our prices and see our property free of charge.

OFFICE—ROOM 4 EAGLE BLOCK. First stairway west of Wichita National Bank. DEAN & MAXWELL.

B. COHN,

Wholesale Cigars,

125 West Douglas Avenue.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

R. DONARD, SR., President. JAMES L. DONARD, Vice President.

Lombard Mortgage Co.,

IN KANSAS STATE BANK BUILDING.

Money on hand. No delay when security and title are good. Rates as low as the lowest.

CALL AND SEE US.

GEO. E. SPALTON, Secretary.

S. F. NITZBERGER, President. W. W. KIRKWOOD, Lead Examiner. J. W. LINT, Treasurer. A. W. GLENN, Vice President. J. C. BATES, Secretary.

Kansas Loan and Investment Co.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.

Money Always on Hand to Loan on Farm and City Property

Office in Wichita National Bank Building, Wichita, Kan.

J. PHILLIPS, H. J. CRANE.

PHILLIPS & CRANE, - Real Estate.

WICHITA, KAN.

Main 146 St., WICHITA, Kan.